

DELL
Movie
Classic

NO. 1114

Still 10¢

The adventures of **HUCKLEBERRY FINN**

Mark Twain's exciting
story of a boy's adventures
on the Mississippi River

Scenes from
SAMUEL GOLDWYN JR.'s
Production for M-G-M

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
Presents
SAMUEL GOLDWYN, JR.'S.
Production of
MARK TWAIN'S
THE ADVENTURES OF HUCKLEBERRY FINN

Starring **TONY RANDALL**

Co-Starring

PATTY McCORMACK, NEVILLE BRAND,
MICKEY SHAUGHNESSY, JUDY CANOVA,
ANDY DEVINE, BUSTER KEATON
With **FINLAY CURRIE**

Presenting **ARCHIE MOORE** As "Jim"

And Also Starring **EDDIE HODGES**
As "Huckleberry Finn"

Screen Play by **JAMES LEE**

Songs:

Music by **BURTON LANE**
Lyrics by **ALAN JAY LERNER**
In CinemaScope And METROCOLOR
A FORMOSA PICTURE

Directed by **MICHAEL CURTIZ**



The home of Widow Douglas and her sister, in Hannibal, Missouri, is the only real home Huckleberry Finn has ever known.



But circumstances force him to leave, and he is accompanied by Jim, who also seeks a new life and a route to freedom.



They are almost successful when Huck is threatened by two strangers who insist on him helping with a first-class swindle.



Their only path of escape is a traveling carnival, where they disguise themselves hoping they will not be recognized.



One close call after another plagues the pair, until they reach a point of parting on the muddy banks of the Mississippi River.

The adventures of HUCKLEBERRY FINN

IT IS EVENING AS HUCKLEBERRY FINN WATCHES THE STEAMBOAT, "NATCHEZ QUEEN" APPROACH THE WHARF...



HERE SHE COMES!

HUCK! HUCK FINN! I BEEN LOOKIN' ALL OVER FOR YOU, BOY! THE WIDDA DOUGLAS WANTS YOU! SHE GOT SUPPER ON THE TABLE!

WHOOO-EEE!

HANNIBAL! HANNIBAL, MISSOURI!

TELL HER I STOWED AWAY ON THE "NATCHEZ QUEEN" AND I'LL PROBL'Y BE GOIN' TO SOUTH AMERICA!

YOU BETTER GET HOME 'FORE SHE COMES LOOKIN' FOR YOU WITH A HICKORY SWITCH!



RELUCTANTLY, HUCK GOES WITH JIM...

I'D SURE LIKE TO BE GOIN' SOMEWHERE... I SURE WOULD, RIGHT ENOUGH! YOU KNOW, JIM, THERE'S A RIVER IN SOUTH AMERICA THAT AIN'T BEEN CHARTED YET AND THEY NEED FOLKS TO HELP 'EM!



H. FINN. O.S. #1114-607

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A SHORT TIME LATER...

AND WE BEG THEE TO SHINE THY LIGHT BEFORE THIS SINNER! MAKE HIM STOP RUNNING AROUND TOWN BAREFOOTED AND EATING LIKE A PIG AND NOT GOING TO SCHOOL!

AMEN!



I DON'T SUPPOSE WE CAN EXPECT ANY BETTER OF A YOUNG'UN WHEN HIS POOR MOTHER'S GONE...AND A FATHER WHO HASN'T WORKED A DAY IN YEARS!

IT'S NOT HUCKLEBERRY'S FAULT, SISTER SARAH... HE'S NOT RESPONSIBLE...



FOLLOWING SUPPER...

HUCKLEBERRY, YOU MUST TRY TO BE BETTER...IF NOT FOR MY SAKE, FOR MISS WATSON'S!

I GOT MY *SHOES* ON, MA'AM! THAT'S A START, ISN'T IT?



MISS WATSON LOVES YOU, HUCKLEBERRY... SHE'S WORRIED ABOUT WHAT WILL BECOME OF YOU WHEN YOU GROW UP! SHE'D BE VERY UNHAPPY IN HEAVEN WITHOUT YOU, DEAR!

YES, MA'AM...



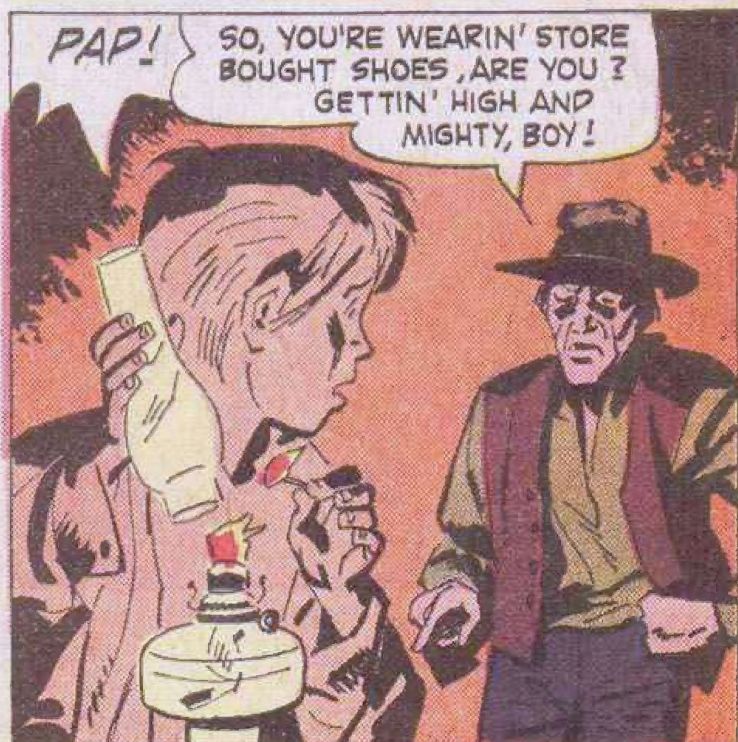
AS HUCK RETIRES TO HIS ROOM THAT NIGHT...

I SURE WOULD BE A LOT BETTER OFF TRAVELIN' INSTEAD OF LIVIN' HERE!



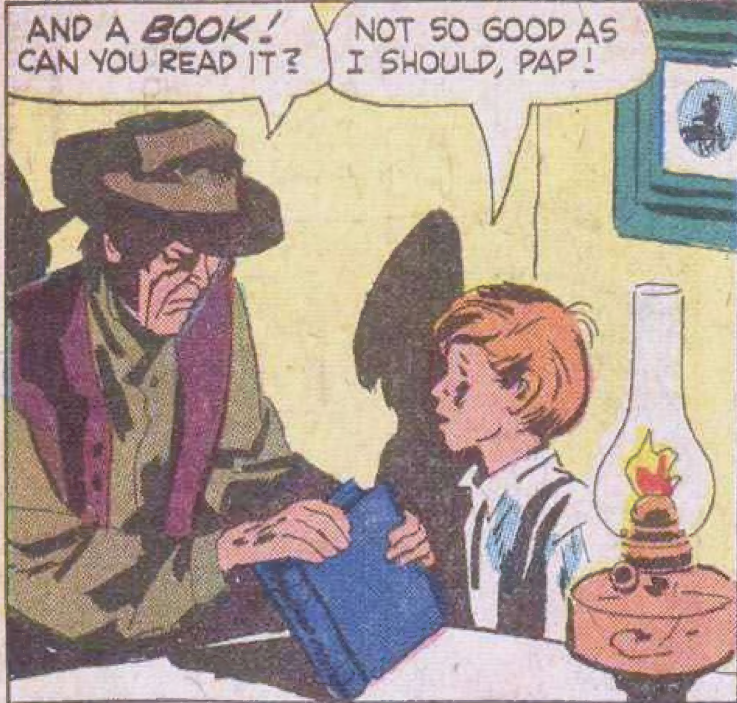
PAP!

SO, YOU'RE WEARIN' STORE BOUGHT SHOES, ARE YOU? GETTIN' HIGH AND MIGHTY, BOY!



AND A BOOK!
CAN YOU READ IT?

NOT SO GOOD AS
I SHOULD, PAP!



DON'T PAP ME! YOU'RE
NO SON OF MINE ...
WEARIN' STORE SHOES
AND READIN' ... AND
WRITIN', TOO, PROBABLY!

PAP, SHHHH!
YOU'LL WAKE
THE WIDOW...



PUTTIN' ON AIRS! YOUR MAW COULDN'T
READ NOR WRITE ... NONE OF HER FOLKS
COULD - NOR MINE NEITHER! AND I CAN'T!
BUT YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER 'N YOUR
FATHER, DON'T YOU?



HUCKLEBERRY, I
HEARD ALL THE
COMMOTION AND
... MR. FINN!

"MISTER FINN," IS IT?
SO THAT'S WHERE HE
GETS HIS UPPITY WAYS...



MY POOR
LAMB...

AND HUGGIN' AND
KISSIN' HIM, TOO!

SHE DON'T MEAN
NO HARM BY IT,
PAP!



IT AIN'T RIGHT! A BOY LIVIN'
SOFTER 'N HIS POOR OLD FATHER ...
I GOTTA HAVE SOMEBODY TO WORK
AND TAKE CARE OF ME ... I'M A
SICK MAN! (COUGH! COUGH!)





(COUGH!) 'COURSE I WOULDN'T NEED THE YOUNG 'UN IF I HAD MONEY FOR MEDICINE... ALL RIGHT, HOW MUCH IS IT *THIS* TIME?



FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!

I'M A POOR WOMAN, MR. FINN... ISN'T IT ENOUGH THAT I TRY TO MAKE A HOME FOR THE BOY AN' SEE HE GETS A DECENT EDUCATION!



YOU'RE A WOMAN OF PROPERTY... THAT SLAVE OF YOURS 'LL FETCH FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS EASY! PERHAPS EVEN MORE!

SHE CAN'T SELL JIM, PAP! IT ISN'T FAIR! PLEASE DON'T MAKE HER DO THAT!



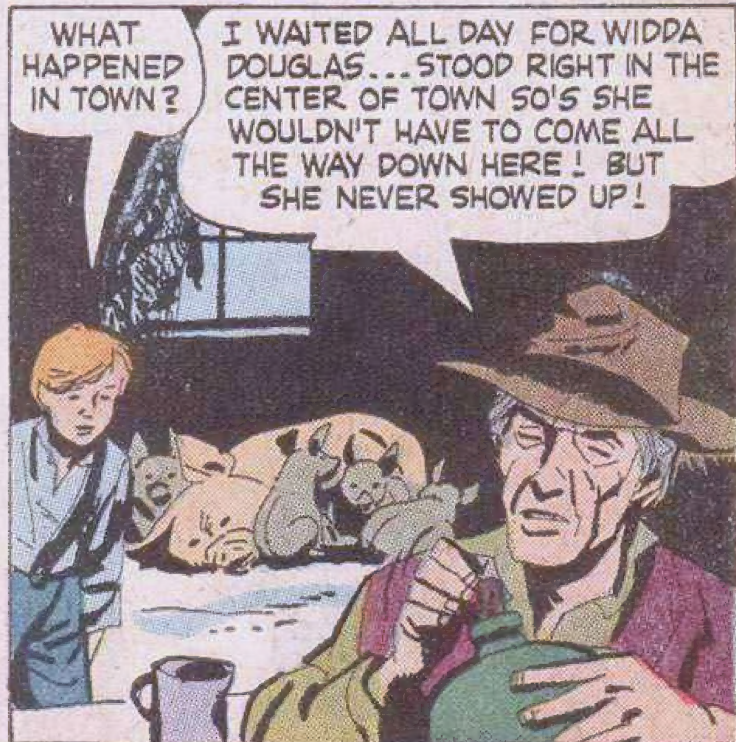
YOU GOT TILL SUNDOWN TOMORROW, WIDDA! I EITHER GET THE FIVE HUNDRED OR I'M TAKIN' HIM OUT OF THESE PARTS FOREVER! I'LL BE WAITIN' AT MY SHACK BY THE RIVER!



THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AT A RAMSHACKLE CABIN BY THE RIVER...

YOU BRING ANY VITTLES, PAP? I'M GETTIN' POWERFUL HUNGRY!

ALWAYS THINKIN' OF YOURSELF! ALL I COULD AFFORD WAS THIS JUG!



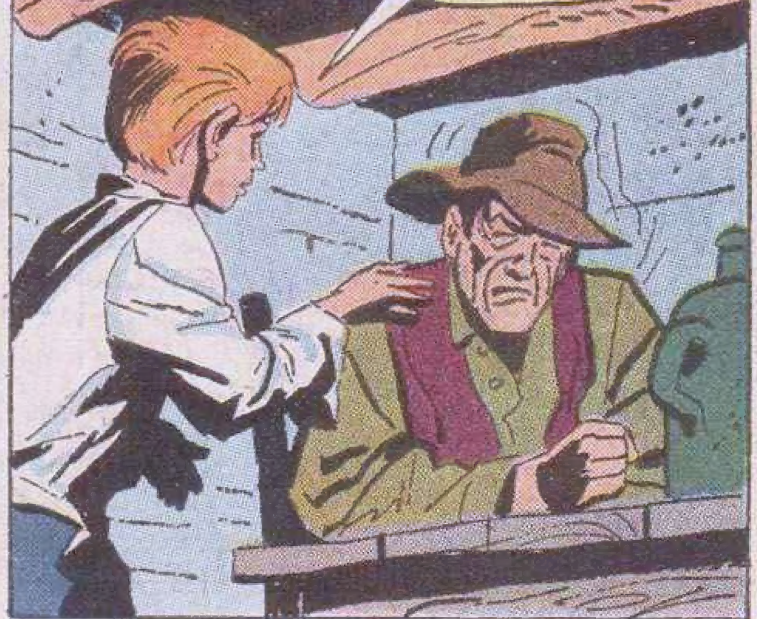
WHAT HAPPENED IN TOWN?

I WAITED ALL DAY FOR WIDDA DOUGLAS... STOOD RIGHT IN THE CENTER OF TOWN SO'S SHE WOULDN'T HAVE TO COME ALL THE WAY DOWN HERE! BUT SHE NEVER SHOWED UP!

SHE MUST LOVE HER SLAVE MORE'N SHE LOVES YOU, BOY...NOBODY CARES 'BOUT YOU OR ME, BOY...NOTHIN' T O DO BUT TO SIT AN' WAIT FOR THE ANGEL O'DEATH TO COME AN' GIT US ...NOBODY CARES...



I CARE ABOUT YOU, PAP!
HONEST I DO!



I KNOW YOU...YOU'RE THE ANGEL OF DEATH!
YOU COME TO GET ME!

NO, PAP...IT'S ONLY ME...
HUCK...



I'M GONNA KILL YOU!
THAT'LL FIX YOU ONCE AN' FOR ALL!

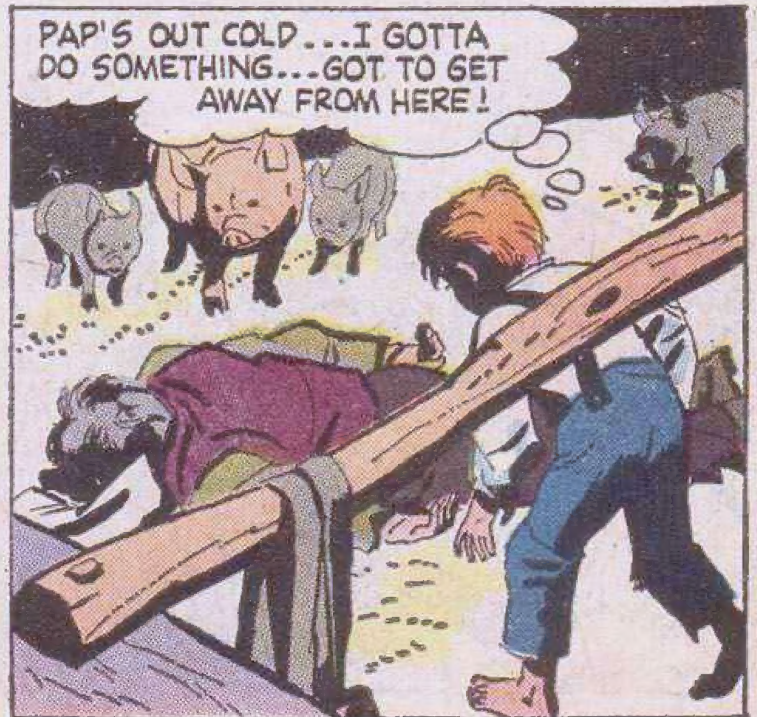
PAP'S GONE CLEAN
OUT OF HIS HEAD!



AS PAP LURCHES FOR THE BOY, HE TRIPS...



PAP'S OUT COLD...I GOTTA DO SOMETHING...GOT TO GET AWAY FROM HERE!



HUCK GETS AN IDEA...

S'POSIN' I *WAS* DEAD...
THEN THEY WOULDN'T COME
LOOKIN' FOR ME... I COULD
TRAVEL ANYWHERE I
WANTED TO...



GOT TO MAKE IT LOOK
LIKE A TERRIBLE FIGHT!



OINK-OINK!
SQEEEAHHH!

FOR A FINISHING TOUCH HUCK TEARS
SOME HAIR FROM HIS HEAD...

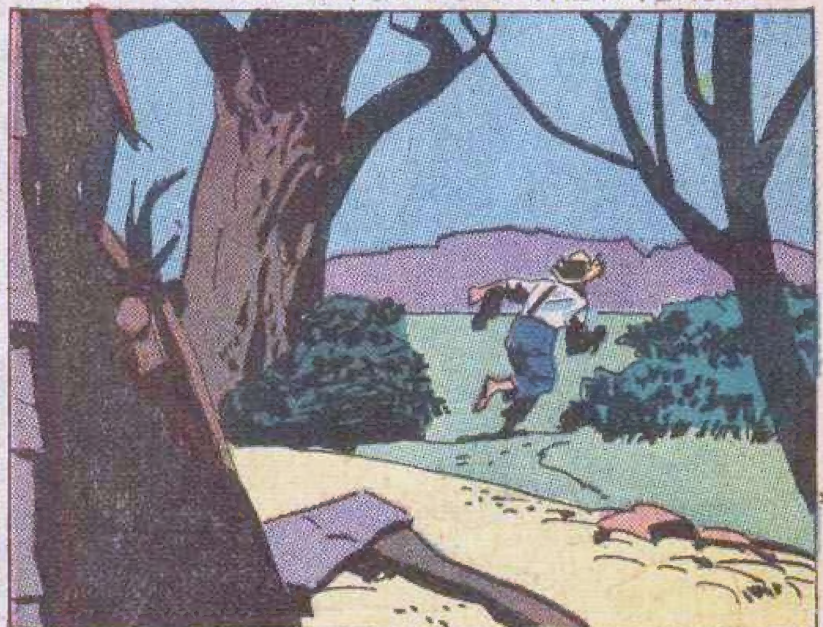


AND STICKS IT ON THE AX BLADE WITH
SOME BLOOD FROM HIS CUT FINGER...



THIS OUGHTA MAKE
EVERYTHING LOOK
PERFECT!

DROPPING THE AX BY THE CABIN DOOR, HUCK
HEADS FOR THE BUSHES NEAR THE RIVER...



LATER...

HUCK! MURDER!
HELP! MURDER!
SOMEBODY MURDERED MY
YOUNG'UN!



MURDER! HELP! MURDER!

POOR OLD PAP... BUT
IT'S BEST THIS WAY...



MOMENTS LATER, HUCK PUSHES AWAY
FROM SHORE IN A BATTERED DUGOUT...



I'LL BE SAFE OVER AT
JACKSON'S ISLAND TILL I
FIGURE OUT WHAT'S NEXT
... BETTER TOSS MY HAT
IN, THOUGH! GIVE 'EM
SOMETHING TO LOOK
FOR!

ARM WEARY, HE LANDS ON THE
ISLAND SOME HOURS LATER...



SLEEP... GOT TO
SLEEP... SO TIRED...

AS DAWN AWAKENS HUCK FINN...



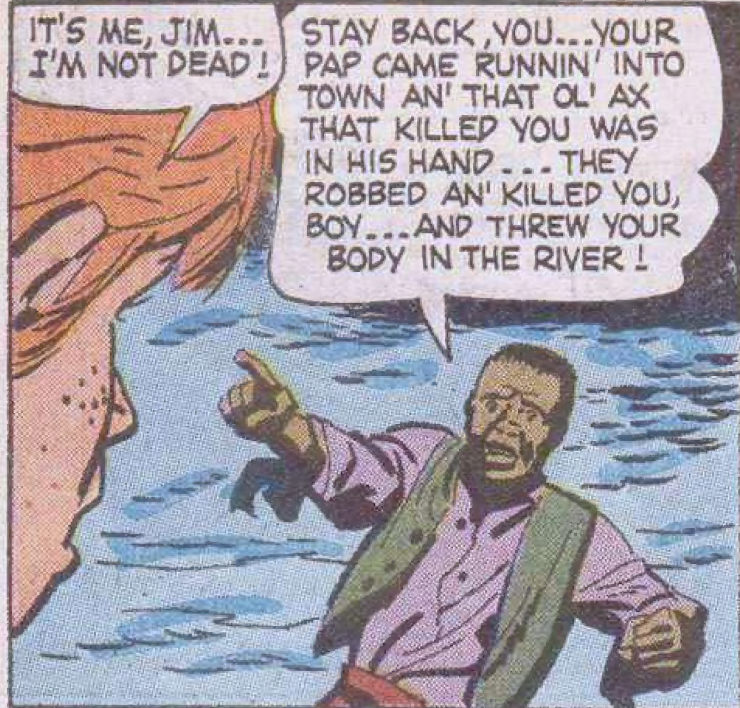
"DE WORLD NEVER LOOKED SO
GOOD TO ME...! CAUSE I KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE FREE..."

SOMEONE'S
SINGING!

JIM!

GLORY BE, YOU'S A GHOST!
YOU GO BACK IN THE RIVER
WHERE YOU BELONG! DON'T
HURT ME, HUCK FINN!





IT'S ME, JIM...
I'M NOT DEAD!

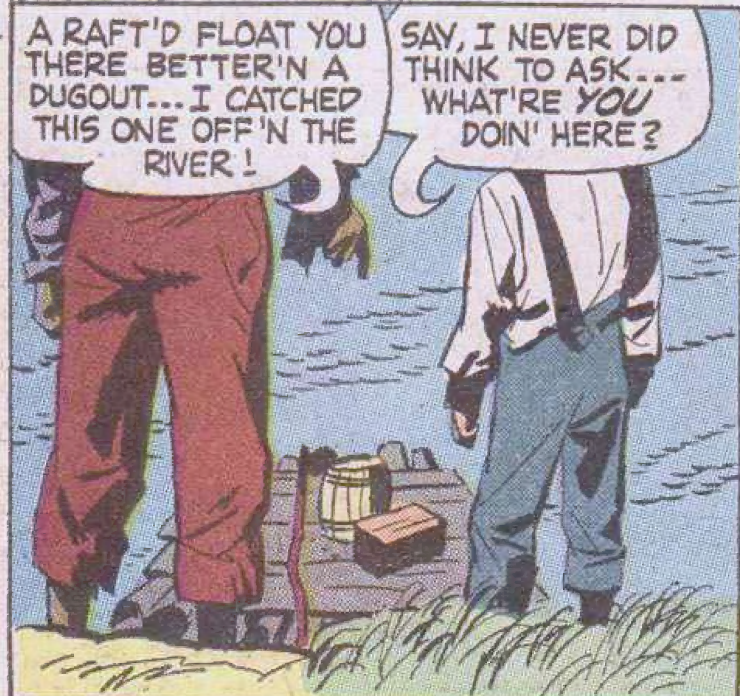
STAY BACK, YOU...YOUR
PAP CAME RUNNIN' INTO
TOWN AN' THAT OL' AX
THAT KILLED YOU WAS
IN HIS HAND... THEY
ROBBED AN' KILLED YOU,
BOY...AND THREW YOUR
BODY IN THE RIVER!



FINALLY HUCK CONVINCES
JIM THAT HE IS ALIVE...

BUT WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA DO NOW,
HUCK?

GO TO NEW ORLEANS,
PROB'LY...HAVE TO GO
THERE FIRST TO GET
TO SOUTH AMERICA...
I GOT A DUGOUT HID
DOWN IN THE COVE!



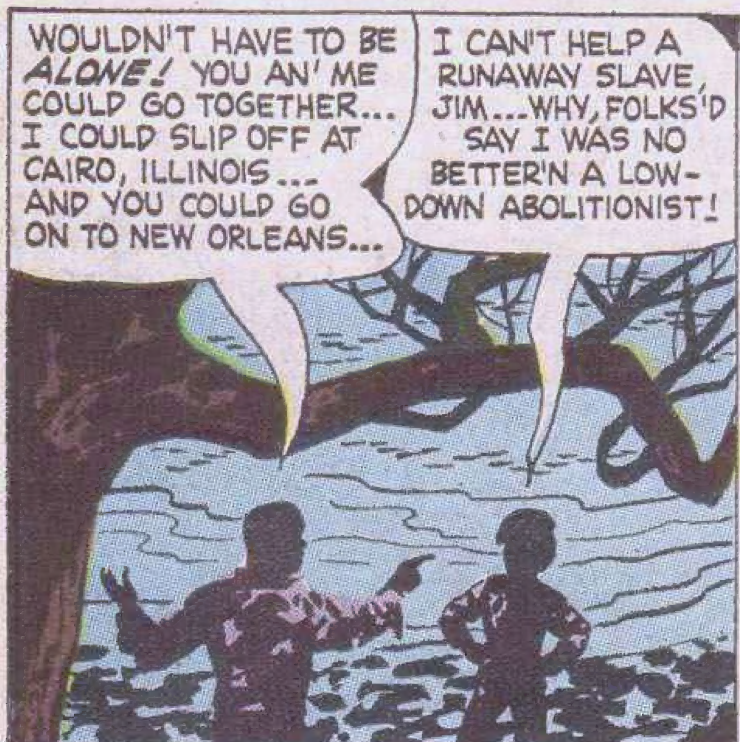
A RAFT'D FLOAT YOU
THERE BETTER'N A
DUGOUT...I CATCHED
THIS ONE OFF'N THE
RIVER!

SAY, I NEVER DID
THINK TO ASK...
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' HERE?



I RUN OFF FROM
THE WIDDA DOUGLAS
... SHE WAS GONNA
SELL ME SO'S SHE
COULD GIVE YOUR
PAP MONEY!

YOU'D BEST GO BACK,
JIM...YOU'LL GET
CAUGHT FOR SURE!
A SLAVE...ALONE
ON A RAFT...



WOULDN'T HAVE TO BE
ALONE! YOU AN' ME
COULD GO TOGETHER...
I COULD SLIP OFF AT
CAIRO, ILLINOIS...
AND YOU COULD GO
ON TO NEW ORLEANS...

I CAN'T HELP A
RUNAWAY SLAVE,
JIM...WHY, FOLKS'D
SAY I WAS NO
BETTER'N A LOW-
DOWN ABOLITIONIST!



I KNOW, HUCK
I KNOW! BUT
LOOKA THERE!

IT'S THE
SHERIFF...

--- SAW THE STRAW HAT... FLOAT ON THE
CURRENT... BODY THAT-A-WAY...

THEY'S COMBIN'
THE RIVER FOR YOUR
DROWNED BODY!

THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR
ME, ALL RIGHT! I
BETTER GIT 'FORE
THEY FIND ME!



YOU UNDERSTAND
ABOUT ME NOT TAKIN'
YOU WITH ME, DON'T
YOU, JIM?

SURE, HUCK... AND
DON'T YOU WORRY
'BOUT ME *TALKIN'*
IN MY SLEEP AN'
TELLIN' FOLKS
ANYTHING! THEY
WON'T FIND OUT
NOTHIN' EVEN IF
THEY *BEAT ME*
HALF-DEAD!



JUMPIN' JEHOSEPHAT!
IF YOU TALK IN YOUR
SLEEP I *CAN'T* LEAVE
YOU BEHIND! COME ON,
JIM... WE'RE GOIN'
TOGETHER!

IF YOU THINK IT'S
BEST, HUCK...
WHATEVER YOU SAY,
IT'S ALL RIGHT WITH
OLD JIM!



HUCK FINN AND JIM
MOVE ON DOWN-RIVER...

THIS OL'
WIGWAM IS
JUST ABOUT
FINISHED! WE GOT
OURSELVES A
REAL RAFT NOW,
HUCK...



STOPPING ONE MORNING TO "BORROW"
SOME EGGS FROM A FARM, HUCK AND JIM
RETURN TO THE RIVER TO FIND THE RAFT
GONE...

SOMEBODY
STOLE THE
RAFT!

LOOK... OUT THERE
IN THE RIVER!





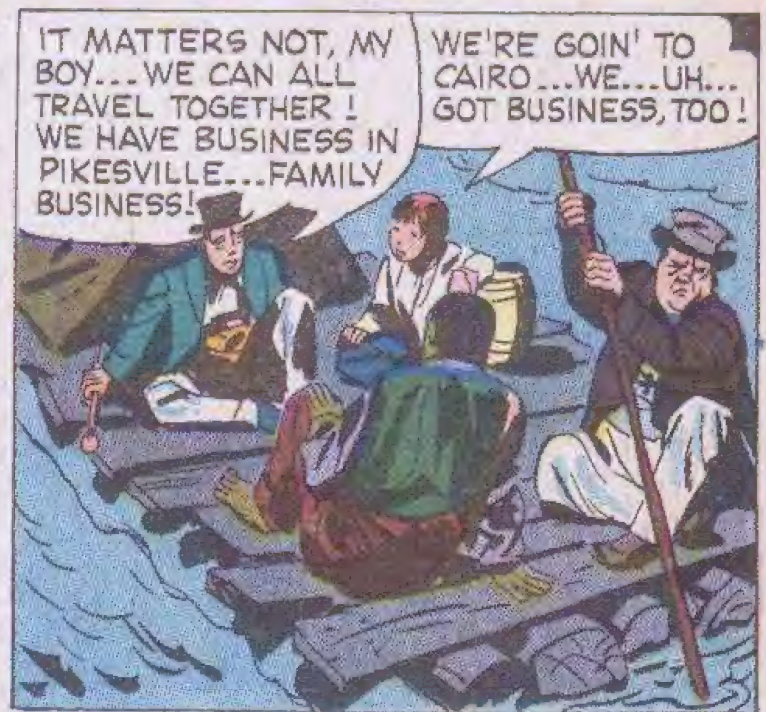
WE GOT TO STOP 'EM!

LET'S GO!



EXTEND THE HAND OF WELCOME TO OUR GUESTS!

RECKON YOU GOT IT BACKWARDS WHO'S GUESTS! THIS HERE'S *OUR* RAFT!



IT MATTERS NOT, MY BOY...WE CAN ALL TRAVEL TOGETHER! WE HAVE BUSINESS IN PIKEVILLE...FAMILY BUSINESS!

WE'RE GOIN' TO CAIRO...WE...UH... GOT BUSINESS, TOO!



PERHAPS YOU'D CARE TO LOOK AT THIS...WE CAME ACROSS IT IN A LOCAL JOURNAL!

I...I'M NOT TOO GOOD AT READIN'...

THEN PERMIT ME... 'AS MR. PETER WILKES, LEADING CITIZEN OF PIKEVILLE, IS SERIOUSLY ILL, HE HAS ASKED HIS TWO BROTHERS, HARVEY AND WILLIAM, CLERGYMEN OF ENGLAND, AND THEIR FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD NEPHEW, PERCY, TO COME AND HELP HIM RUN HIS BUSINESS! MR. WILKES HAS NOT SEEN HIS REVEREND BROTHERS IN FORTY YEARS!'





WHO'S THE REVERENDS?

WE'S THE REVERENDS! WHO IN BLAZES DID YOU THINK WAS THE REVERENDS?



THEN WHERE'S YOUR NEPHEW, PERCY?

ALAS, WE LOST THE POOR BOY CROSSING THE GREAT PACIFIC OCEAN FROM ENGLAND! A NASTY ACCIDENT INVOLVING A SHARK!



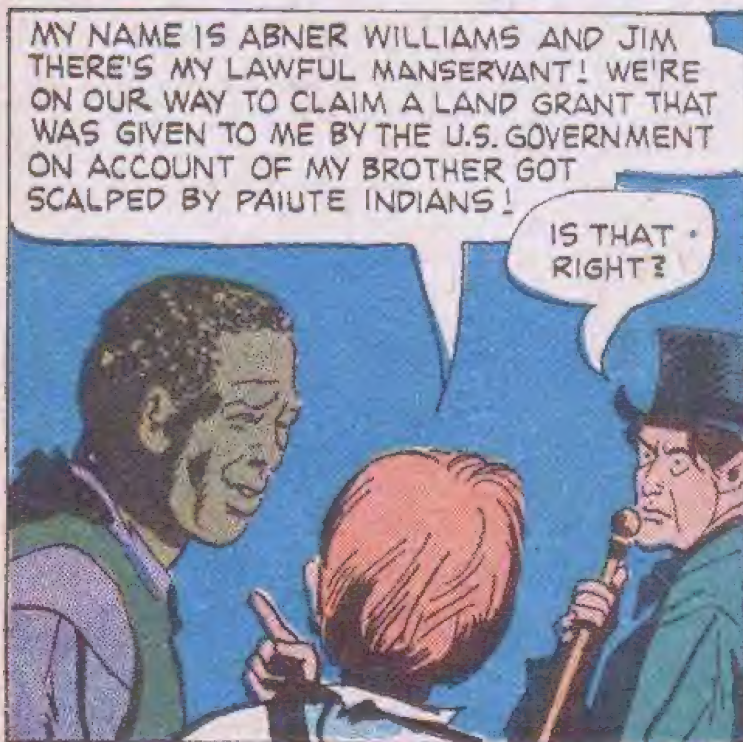
BUT I DO BELIEVE HE HAS BEEN REBORN, EH, PERCY?

HUH? I...I'M NOT PERCY!



A LITTLE STOPOVER IN PIKESVILLE WOULDN'T HURT YOU, BOY...AND YOU WOULD SAVE THE POOR WILKES FAMILY FROM KNOWING PERCY WAS SWALLOWED BY A FISH! WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPORTANT?

OUR OWN BUSINESS IS MORE IMPORTANT!



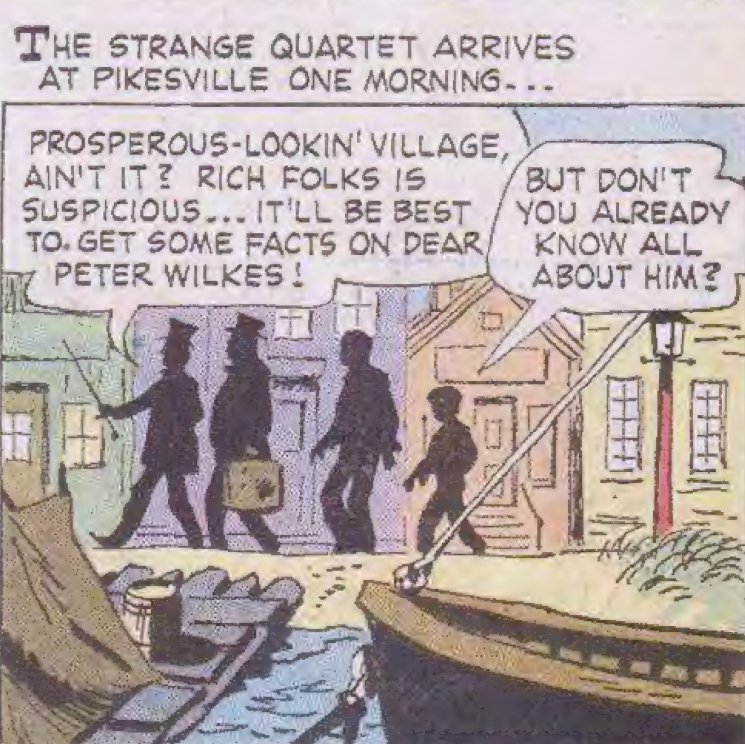
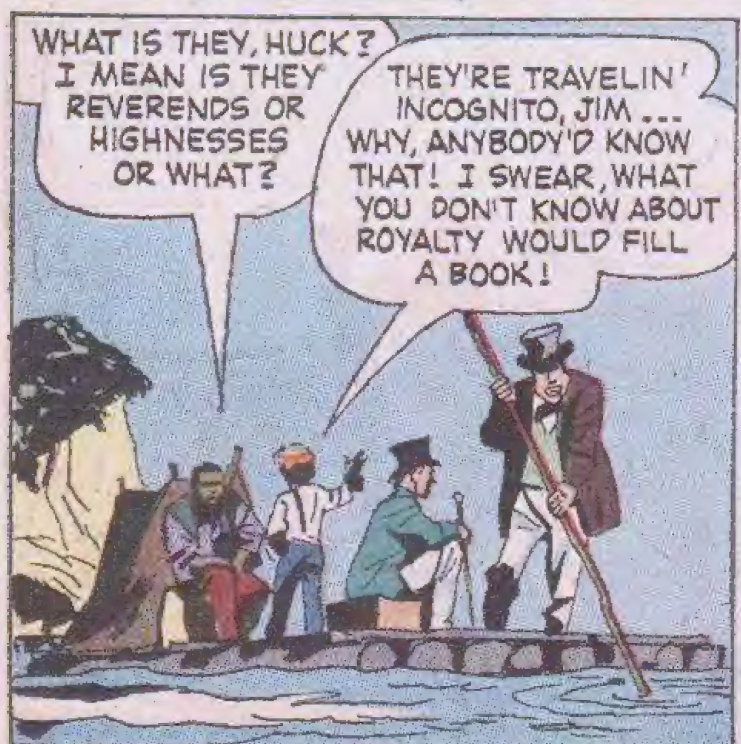
MY NAME IS ABNER WILLIAMS AND JIM THERE'S MY LAWFUL MANSERVANT! WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO CLAIM A LAND GRANT THAT WAS GIVEN TO ME BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT ON ACCOUNT OF MY BROTHER GOT SCALPED BY PAIUTE INDIANS!

IS THAT RIGHT?



PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...I AM THE SON OF LOOEY THE SIXTEENTH AND MARY ANTWONETTY...AND THIS IS THE DUKE OF BILGEWATER, CHEATED OF HIS RIGHTFUL TITLE!

REAL ROYALTY! IT DON'T HARDLY SEEM POSSIBLE!



WELL, UH...WELL, FORTY YEARS IS A LONG TIME, BOY...I WANT TO BE CERTAIN NOBODY SUSPECTS US OF ANYTHING BUT THE MOST HONEST INTENTIONS...AND I EXPECT THE TOWN BARBER IS THE MAN TO TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW...A BARBER HAS INFORMATION ON EVERYONE!



SHORTLY...

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE THE LEADING TONSORIAL WIZARD OF PIKEVILLE! THIS IS MY BROTHER, THE REVEREND WILKES, OUR NEPHEW PERCY, AND OUR LOYAL MANSERVANT!

WILLIAM'S THE ONE THAT'S AFFLICTED, ISN'T HE?



AFFLICTED?

Y'KNOW, DEAF AND DUMB SINCE BIRTH! MR. PETER WILKES TOLD US ALL ABOUT HIS POOR BROTHER, WILLIAM!



DEAF AND DUMB...AH, YES! OF COURSE! DEAF AND DUMB! YOU SEE, HE ONLY UNDERSTANDS THE LANGUAGE OF THE HANDS!



AND NOW, WE MUST BE OFF! OUR NIECES, MARY JANE AND JOANNA'LL BE EXPECTING US! POOR FATHERLESS WAIFS...

WHAT???



YES, MY BOY...DEAR PETER PASSED ON LAST NIGHT! ALAS, OUR DEAR NIECES HAVE ONLY THEIR LOVIN' UNCLES AND THEIR COUSIN PERCY TO TURN TO NOW...

YEAH...THAT'S SURE TOO BAD!



QUIET, WILLIAM...YOU HAVE NO VOICE
AND NO EARS...IF YOU **FORGET**, IT
COULD BE OUR DOWNFALL!



AT THE HOME OF THE RECENTLY-
DECEASED PETER WILKES...

MARY JANE! JOANNA! AH, HOW I HAVE
LONGED FOR THIS MOMENT
OF REUNION!



RIVER PIRATES! THEY PICKED US CLEAN
AND STOLE THE ECCLESIASTICAL YAWL!
FORTUNATELY, WE WERE NOT INJURED AND
MADE IT HERE SAFELY...



BUT, ALAS, HOW SAD TO
WAIT FORTY YEARS AND
MISS SEEING DEAR
PETER BY A FEW
HOURS! (SOB! SOB!)

OH, UNCLE
HARVEY...IF YOU
COULD HAVE
ARRIVED
YESTERDAY!



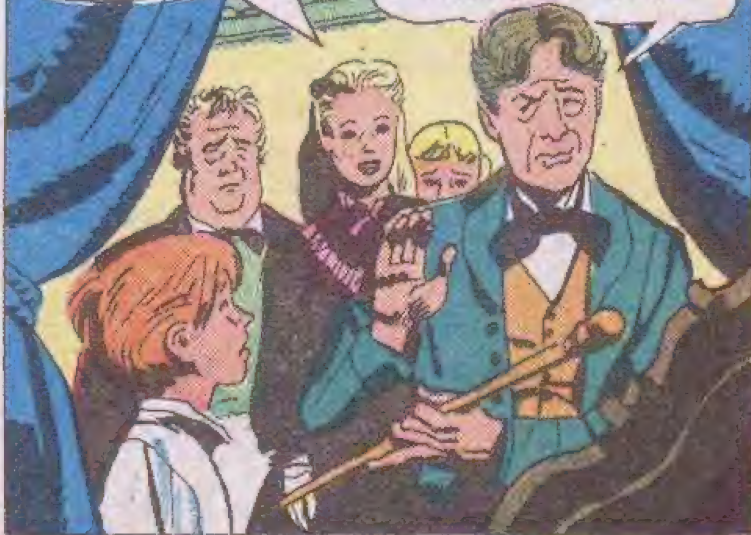
THE WILKES'S MANSERVANT TAKES JIM
TO HIS QUARTERS AS THE OTHERS ARE
LED INSIDE...

FATHER LEFT US RICH, UNCLE HARVEY!
WE'VE THIS HOUSE, A PROSPEROUS
TANNERY BUSINESS, AND THREE
THOUSAND IN GOLD!



AND HE LEFT THREE
THOUSAND DOLLARS IN
GOLD TO YOU AND
UNCLE WILLIAM!

THAT AIN'T IMPORTANT,
CHILD! WHAT COUNTS
IS THAT YOU TWO
SWEET THINGS ARE
PROVIDED FOR...

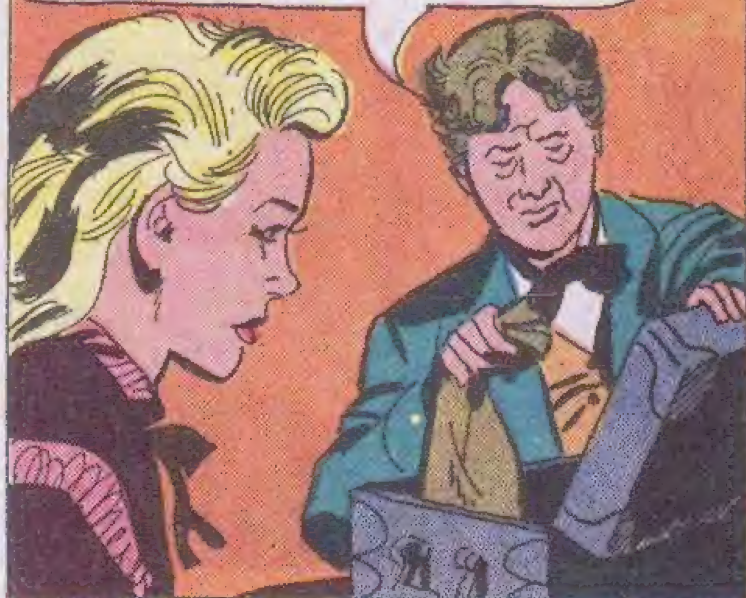


DON'T GIVE THEM
THE GOLD, MARY
JANE...WE'RE
STILL NOT
CERTAIN IF THEY...

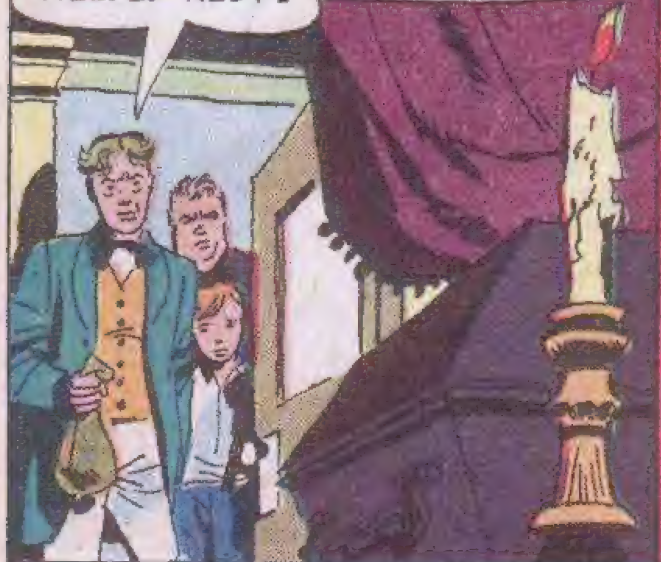
OF COURSE! WHY, THE
VERY SIGHT OF THAT
GOLD WOULD SICKEN
ME AND YOUR UNCLE
WILLIAM AT A TIME
LIKE THIS...



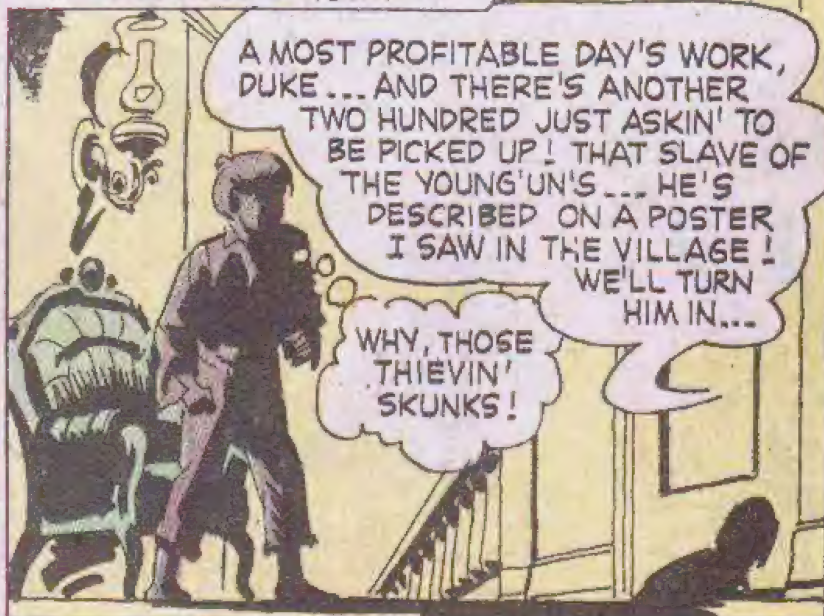
BUT WE CAN'T BE SELFISH... OUR DEAR
BROTHER'S REQUEST COMES FIRST!
DESPITE OUR SORROW, WE ACCEPT!



AND NOW WE WILL PAY OUR FINAL
RESPECTS TO THE DEPARTED ONE...
AND THEN RETIRE FOR SOME MUCH
NEEDED REST!



THAT NIGHT, AS HUCK PASSES
BY THE KING'S ROOM...



A MOST PROFITABLE DAY'S WORK,
DUKE... AND THERE'S ANOTHER
TWO HUNDRED JUST ASKIN' TO
BE PICKED UP! THAT SLAVE OF
THE YOUNG'UN'S... HE'S
DESCRIBED ON A POSTER
I SAW IN THE VILLAGE!
WE'LL TURN
HIM IN...

WHY, THOSE
THIEVIN'
SKUNKS!

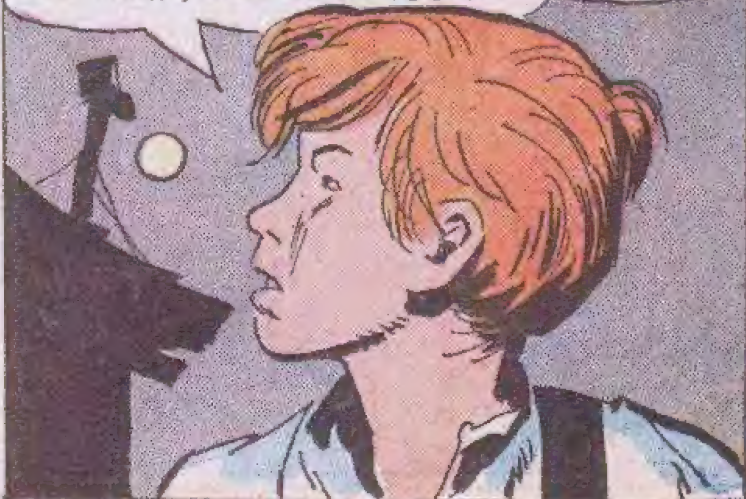
HUCK HURRIES TO THE SERVANTS'
QUARTERS TO FIND JIM...

TAKE THE RAFT AND
FLOAT HER ABOUT A
HALF MILE DOWNSTREAM
...WAIT FOR ME THERE!

WHAT'RE YOU
GONNA DO?



IF THOSE TWO GET CAUGHT STEALIN' THE
GOLD FROM THEM POOR GIRLS, I WANT
FOLKS TO KNOW YOU AND ME WEREN'T NO
PART OF IT! I'M GONNA *HIDE* THAT GOLD
WHERE IT CAN'T GET STOLEN! SOON AS I
DO THAT, I'LL MEET YOU...



QUIETLY, HUCK STEALS INTO THE ROOM
WHERE THE KING AND THE DUKE ARE SLEEPING...



HUCK LOCATES THE GOLD...



BUT AS HUCK REACHES THE
BOTTOM STEP...



MY NAME ISN'T REALLY
PERCY! AN' THOSE TWO
UP THERE AREN'T YOUR
REAL UNCLES!

THEN WHO
ARE THEY?



THE DUKE OF
BILGEWATER
AND THE KING
OF FRANCE!

OF ALL THE PREPOSTEROUS
STORIES! BUT WHOEVER
THEY ARE, WE'RE CALLING
THE SHERIFF!

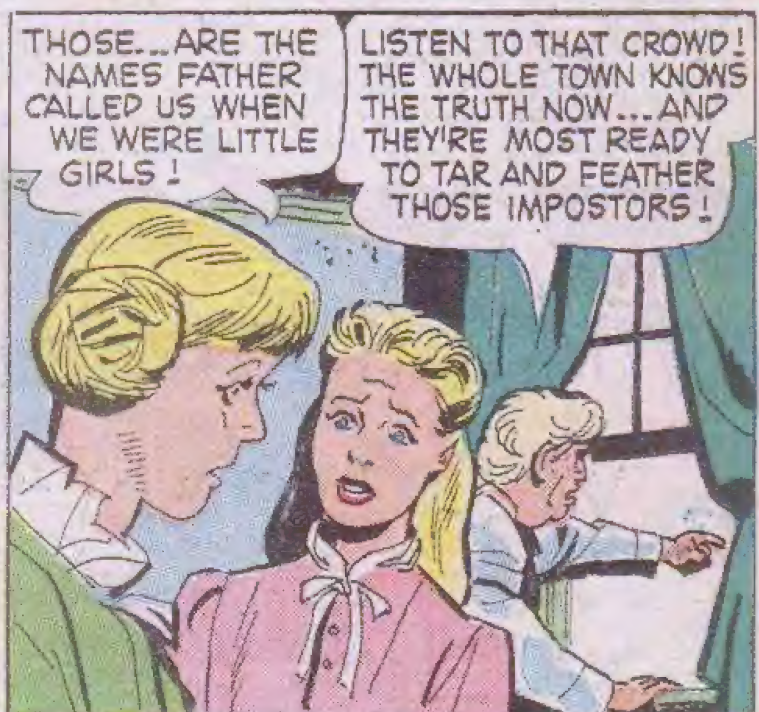


AND A SHORT TIME LATER...

OUT OF BED, YOU
THIEVIN' RASCALS!

HUH? WHAT ???





HUCK FINDS JIM, AND THE TWO OF THEM SET OUT ACROSS THE RIVER...

BLACK LEATHER *SHOES!*
AND A JOB IN THE TANNERY!
CAN YOU PICTURE IT, JIM?
WE *BOTH* ALMOST
GOT CAUGHT!

WE SURE
DID, HUCK!



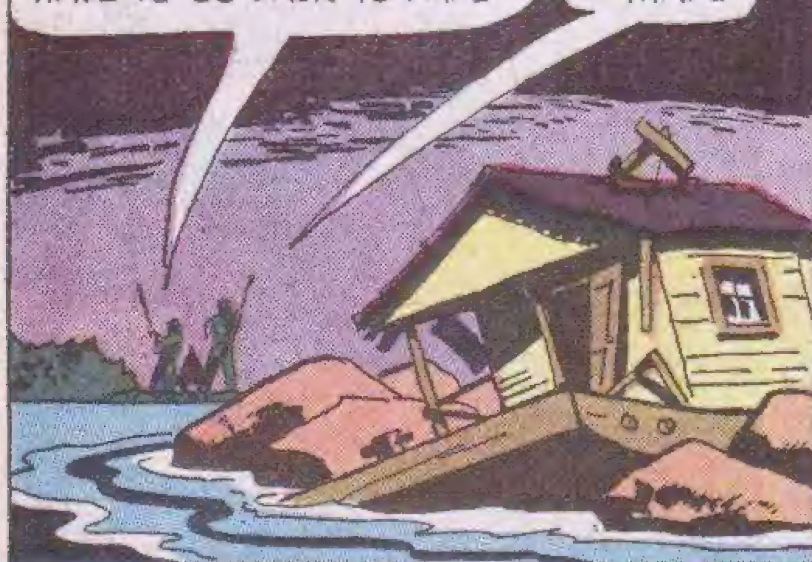
MEBBE IT'D BE BETTER
FOR YOU TO GO BACK
TO HANNIBAL AND
NOT TAKE NO
CHANCES ON GETTIN'
CAUGHT DOWN HERE,
JIM!

WHAT'S YOU TALKIN'
'BOUT? I'S GONNA
BE FREE, HUCK! SOON'S
WE GET TO CAIRO!
EVERYTHIN'S GONNA
BE JUST FINE, WITH
YOU HELPIN' OLD
JIM!



NOW, LOOKY HERE, JIM, THE
ONLY REASON I'M HELPIN' YOU
TO GET FREE IS SO I WON'T
HAVE TO GO BACK TO PAP!

OH, I KNOW
THAT, HUCK!
I KNOW
THAT!



JIM,
LOOK!

A HOUSEBOAT! SHE'S
KILLED HERSELF ON
THE ROCKS!



SHE LOOKS DESERTED!
LET'S GO ABOARD!
MAYBE WE'LL FIND
TREASURE!

WE SHOULDN'T
GO FOOLIN'
AROUND NO
WRECK! THEY'S
BAD LUCK!



SHE LOOKS TO BE FROM UP NORTH!
PROB'LY RICH FOLKS OWNED HER...
WHO KNOWS WHAT THEY LEFT BEHIND?

TROUBLE,
MORE'N
LIKELY!





LOOK 'ER OVER GOOD,
JIM! FORE 'N AFT!

ALL RIGHT,
HUCK!



A MOMENT LATER, JIM MAKES
A STARTLING DISCOVERY...

LORDY! LORDY! IT'S
HUCK'S PAP!



WHAT'S IN THAT
ROOM, JIM?

NOTHING! DON'T GO
IN THERE, HUCK!

SLAM



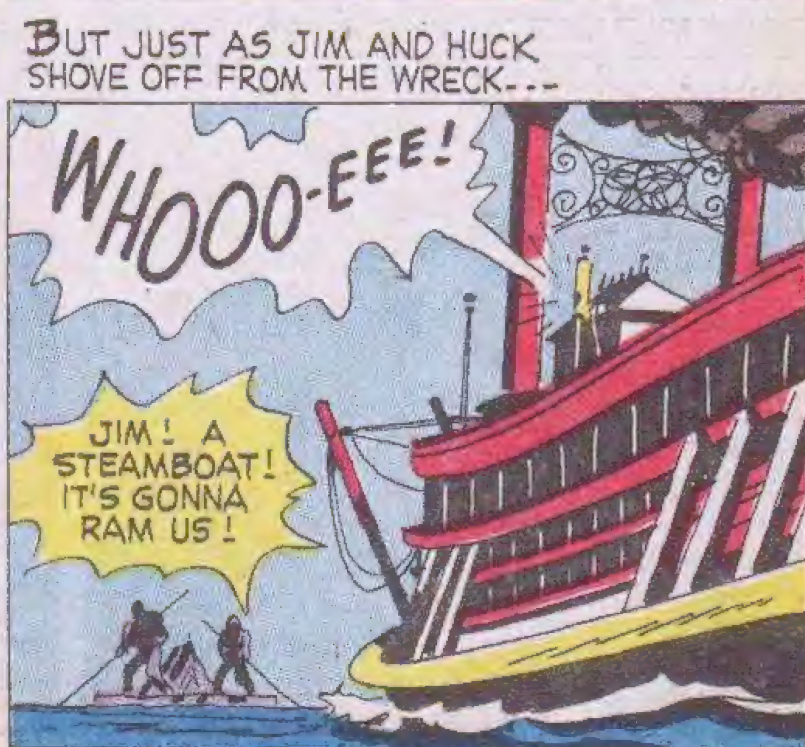
THEY'S A DEAD MAN
IN THERE! LOOKS LIKE
SOMEONE SHOT HIM!
RIGHT BETWEEN
THE EYES!

JIMINY!
LET'S GIT OUT
OF HERE!



I TOL' YOU A
WRECK WAS
BAD LUCK,
HUCK!

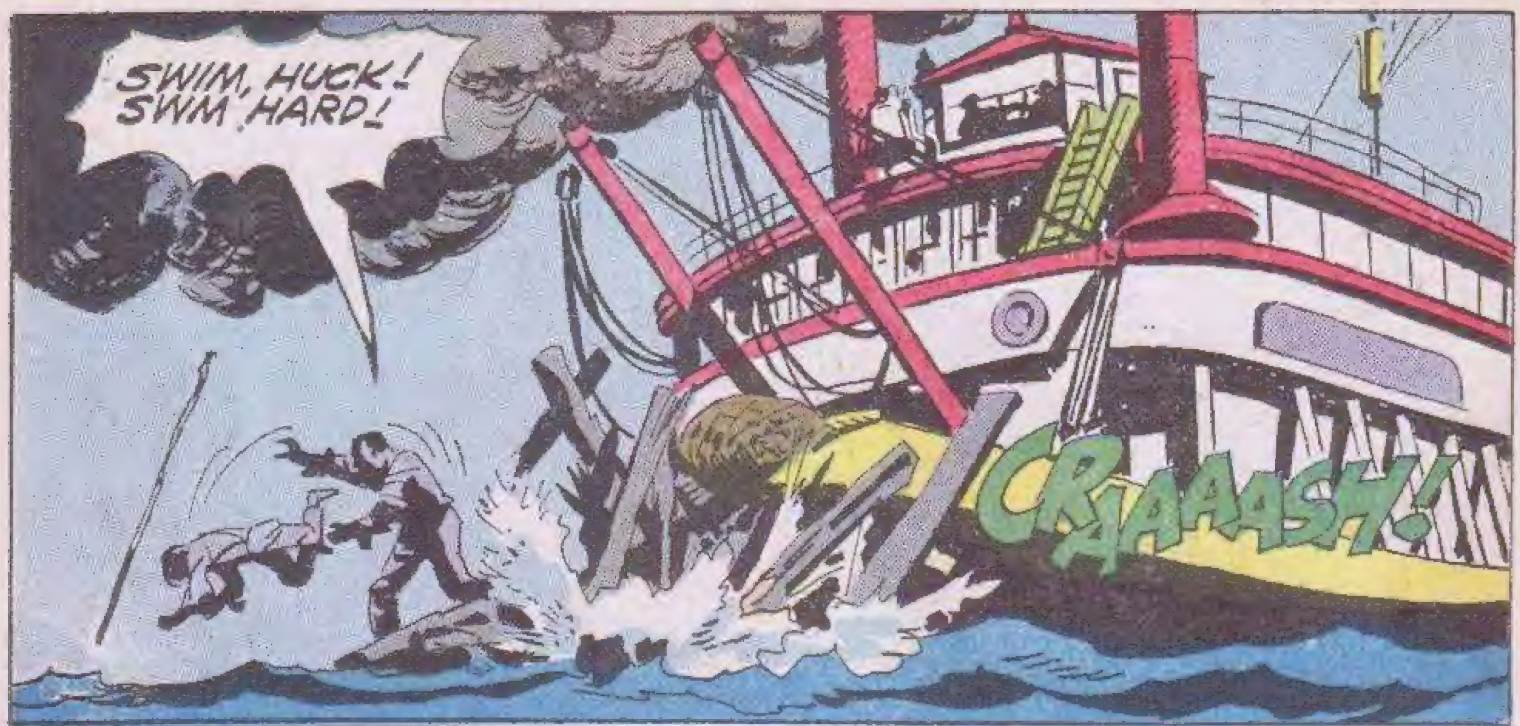
I DON'T NEED MORE
CONVININ', JIM!
QUICKER WE MOVE
THE BETTER!



BUT JUST AS JIM AND HUCK
SHOVE OFF FROM THE WRECK---

WHOOO-EEE!

JIM! A
STEAMBOAT!
IT'S GONNA
RAM US!



IN THE PILOT HOUSE OF
THE STEAMBOAT...

FROM THE SOUND OF
IT WE JUST CHEWED UP
A RAFT, CAP'N! NO
NEED TO STOP!

REVERSE YOUR
ENGINES! IF IT
WAS A RAFT,
THERE MIGHTA
BEEN MEN ON IT!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, JIM AND
HUCK ARE PULLED ABOARD...



AND THEY ARE TAKEN TO THE CAPTAIN...

MIGHTY STRANGE,
YOU TWO BEING ON
A RAFT OUT HERE,
EH, CAP'N?

JIM HERE'S
MY LAWFUL
MANSERVANT!
MY FOLKS GOT
KILLED OFF BY
IMPOSTORS
POSIN' AS
RELATIVES!

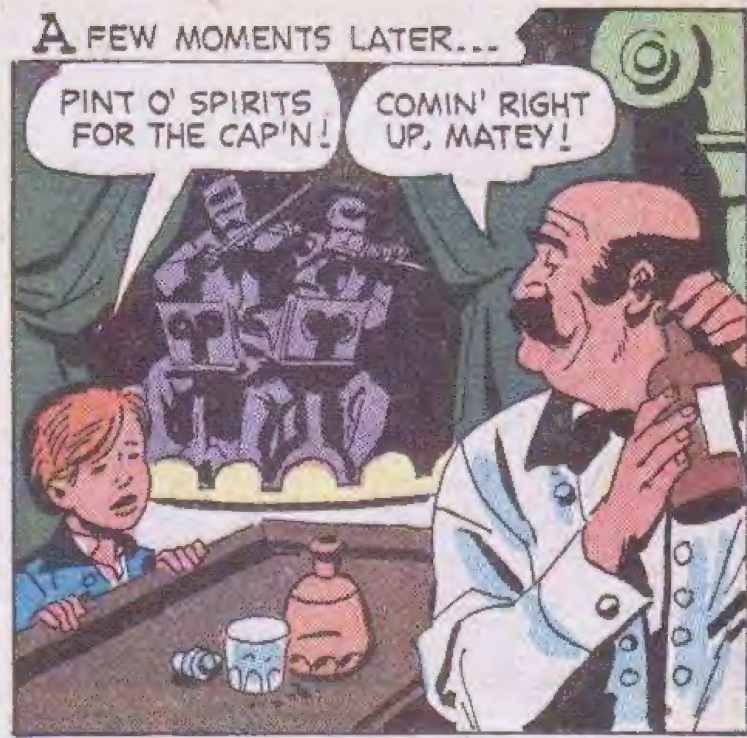






YOU STEP DOWN INTO THE SALOON BAR AND FETCH ME A PINT OF SPIRITS! I'LL BE BREAKIN' WATCH SOON AND I'LL NEED EASIN' OFF AFTER THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

AYE, SIR!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

PINT O' SPIRITS FOR THE CAP'N!

COMIN' RIGHT UP, MATEY!

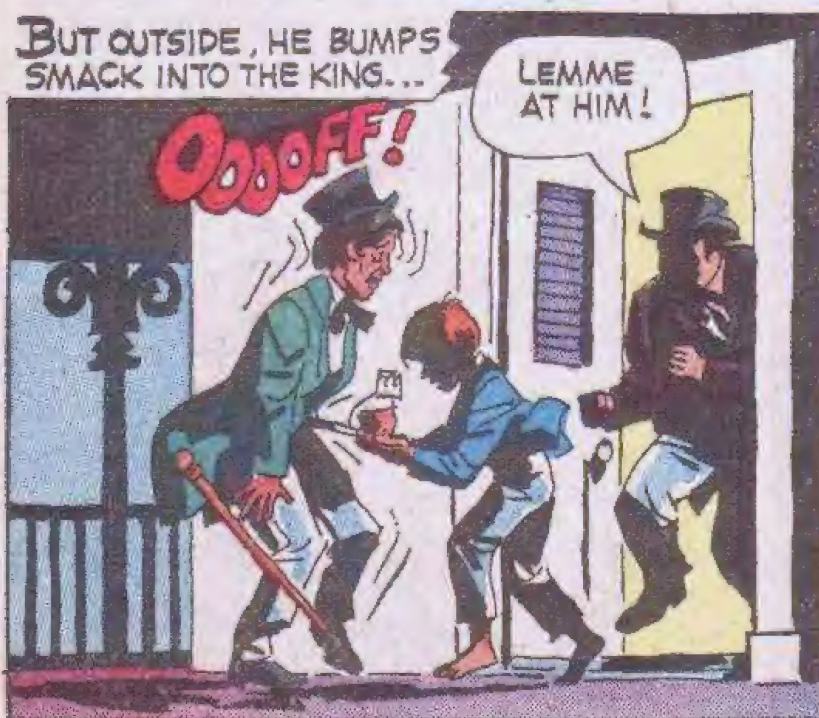


JIMINY! IT'S THE DUKE!



TERRIFIED, HUCK STARTS FOR THE DECK...

IT'S THAT KID!



BUT OUTSIDE, HE BUMPS SMACK INTO THE KING...

LEMME AT HIM!

Ooooff!

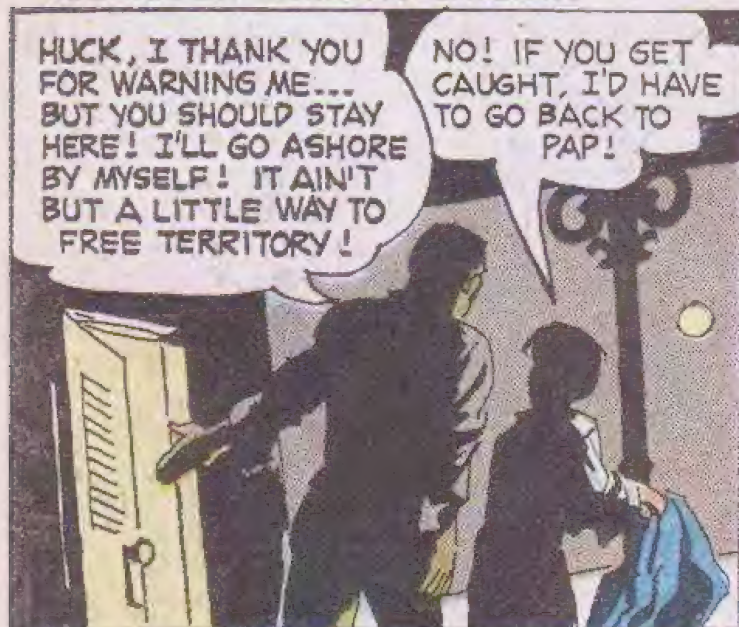


I'LL DROP HIM INTO THE PADDLE WHEEL! EVEN IF THEY FIND THE PIECES THE FISH DON'T EAT, IT'LL LOOK LIKE IT WAS AN ACCIDENT!

NOW, NOW, BILGEWATER, THAT AIN'T THE CHRISTIAN WAY!



HUCK CALLS JIM FROM THE BOILER ROOM,
AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



BUT THIS IS YOUR CHANCE, HUCK!
THE CAP'N...HE'LL BE GOIN' DOWN-
RIVER TO NEW ORLEANS!



THE NEXT DAY, WITH JIM HIDING BY THE RIVER, HUCK GOES ALONE INTO TOWN...





THAT'S THE WAY I WAS
BILLED IN MY FOLKS' CIRCUS!
'FORE THEY ALL DIED OFF
OF THE SMALLPOX! THE
EMPEROR AND ME'D HAD
IT BEFORE, SO NATURALLY
WE LIVED!

I AIN'T NEVER
HEARD OF
PATAGONIA...
LET ALONE
THEIR EMPEROR!



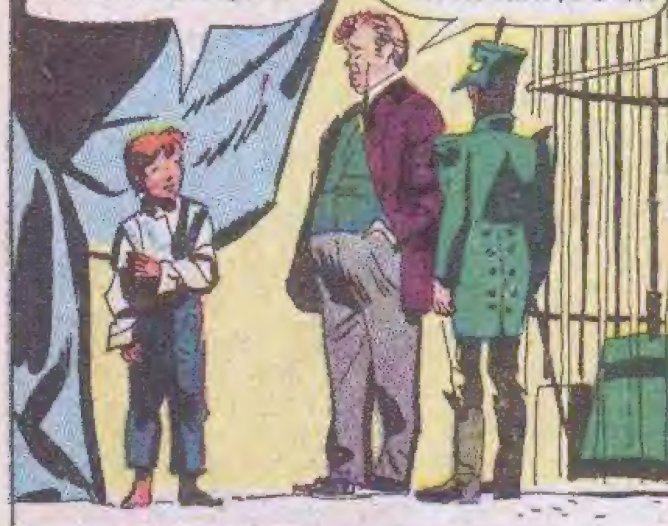
THAT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE! FOLKS'D
COME FROM MILES AROUND TO SEE HIM
OUT WEST! MY FOLKS, WHILE THEY LIVED,
STRUCK IT RICH WITH THE EMPEROR AS
AN ATTRACTION!

YOU DON'T SAY!



YESSIR! I USED TO
GET A SORE ARM
TOTIN' THEM SACKS
O' MONEY TO THE
STRONG BOX!

WELL...IF WE
WEREN'T LEAVIN'
TONIGHT, I MIGHT
HAVE A TALK
WITH HIM, BUT...



WOULDN'T DO ANY GOOD, LESSEN YOU TALK
PATAGONIAN LIKE I DO!
WHY, IF HE WAS TO SAY,
"GORP GORP FIGGLE
ZOOK PLUNK," YOU'D
NEVER KNOW HE WAS
ASKIN' FOR A TURNIP,
WOULD YOU?

RECKON I WOULDN'T!
TELL YOU WHAT,
BRING HIM AROUND!



IF I TAKE HIM ON
AND HE DRAWS
CROWDS, HE GOTTA
STICK WITH ME!
THEM'S MY TERMS!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO
CONVINCE HIM, BUT I
CAN'T PROMISE NOTHIN'!
HE'S GOT AN UNCOMMON
LEVEL HEAD FOR A
PATAGONIAN!



YOU BELIEVE HIM,
MR. CARMODY?

NOT A WORD OF IT! BUT
THAT YOUNG'UN'S GOT
MORE CIRCUS BLOOD IN
HIM THAN YOU AND ME
PUT TOGETHER! IF HE
CAN PRODUCE SOMETHING
THAT LOOKS LIKE THE
EMPEROR OF PATAGONIA,
BY GEORGE, WE'LL
USE THEM BOTH!



HUCK GOES TO WORK IN EARNEST...



GOOGLE-BOOGLE, MIDDROGLE! WIGGLE-WOGGLE WAWGGLE! WHIPTY FUM FUM!

KEEP GOIN', JIM... AN' GURGLE MORE!

HUCK, HONEY... I'S MIGHTY GRATEFUL TO YOU FOR TEACHIN' ME PATAGONIAN AND ALL... BUT MAYBE WE SHOULD JUST WAIT TILL IT GITS DARK AND SNEAK ACROSS THAT BORDER!

YOU'D GET CAUGHT FOR SURE! THIS WAY WE GET FREE BOARD AND LODGIN' ALL THE WAY TO CHICAGO!



AND SO, THE NEXT DAY, THERE IS A NEW ATTRACTION AT THE CARMODY INTERNATIONAL CARNIVAL AND CIRCUS...



YOU'VE ALL SEEN BEARDED LADIES, BAREBACK RIDERS, MIDGETS, ANIMAL ACTS, AND THE LIKE, BUT NOW, NEVER BEFORE SEEN IN THESE PARTS, ACCOMPANIED BY HIS FRIEND AND INTERPRETER, FORMERLY THE WORLD'S YOUNGEST LION TAMER... *HIS HIGHNESS, THE EMPEROR OF PATAGONIA!*



THE EMPEROR GREET'S YOU!

NOW, IF THERE'S ANY QUESTIONS ABOUT PATAGONIAN POLITICS, OR HAREM LIFE, YOU FOLKS SPEAK RIGHT UP!



HOW MUCH DOES A EMPEROR GET A MONTH?

BLOB-BLOB SNAGGY SNUM?





HUCK DRAGS JIM'S VEST ALONG THE UNDERBRUSH, MAKING AN EASILY TRACEABLE PATH FOR THE NOSES OF THE DOGS...

BARK!
BARK!



WE'RE ON THE TRACK! THAT WAY!

SNIF!
SNIF!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

IT'S THE BOY!

HE DONE IT! HE HELPED THAT SLAVE GIT FREE!



ALL RIGHT, BOY! WHERE'S HE AT?

HE DROWNED! TRYIN' TO CROSS THE CREEK!



HE'S LYIN', SHERIFF!

I AIN'T BLAMIN' YOU FOR BEIN' MAD, MISTER! THE JOB YOU GIMME WAS TO GET HIM FREE, NOT TO GET HIM DROWNED!



SO I CAN'T RIGHTLY KEEP THIS!

HUH???

A TWENTY-DOLLAR GOLD PIECE! YOU TWO ARE ABOLITIONISTS!



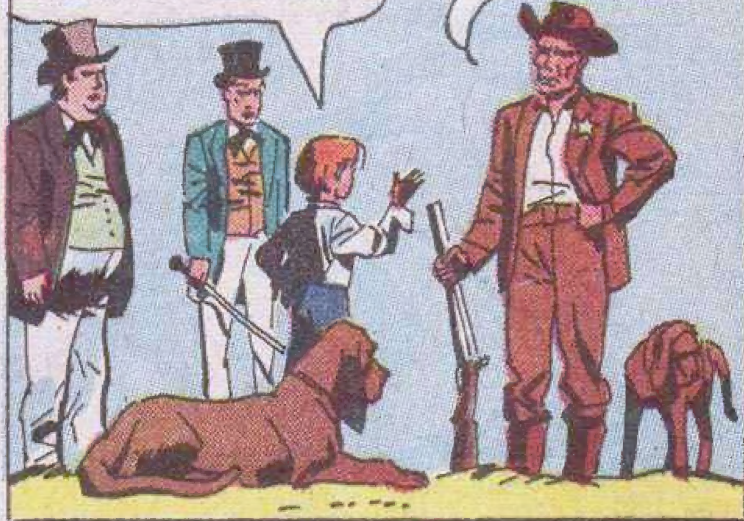
LOOKY HERE,
SHERIFF, WE AIN'T
ABOLITIONISTS!

SHET UP! THAT GOLD
PIECE IS ALL THE
EVIDENCE I NEED!



I RECKON I'M AS
BAD AS THEY ARE,
SHERIFF, BUT WHAT
CHANCE HAS A POOR
LITTLE BOY GOT WITH
GROWN-UP SLICKERS?

I KNOW THIS WARN'T
NONE OF YOUR DOIN',
BOY! BUT MAYBE
YOU'D BEST COME
ALONG WITH ME!



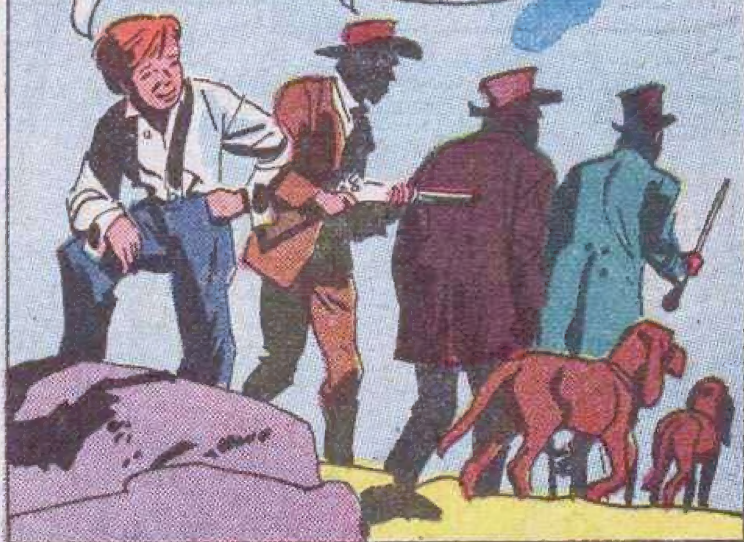
I'D LIKE TO, SIR,
BUT I'M WORRIED
ABOUT MY RAFT!
I LEFT HER DOWN
ON THE CREEK!
SOMEBODY MIGHT
TAKE HER! NOTHIN'S
SAFE WITH
ABOLITIONISTS
AROUND!

ALL RIGHT, BOY!
WHEN YOU GIT HER
HID GOOD, YOU COME
BACK TO MY PLACE
AND MY MISSUS'LL
FEED YOU GOOD!

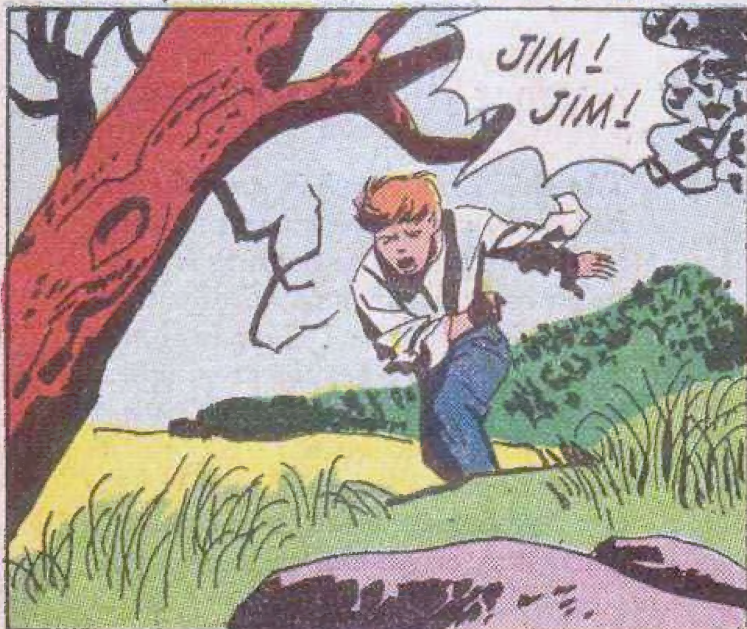


YESSIR...
I'LL SURE
DO THAT!

START MOVIN' BOTH OF YOU!
I RECKON THE JUDGE IS
GONNA TAKE CARE OF YOU
GOOD!



AS SOON AS THE SHERIFF IS OUT OF
SIGHT, HUCK TAKES OFF FAST...



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER...

HUCK, HONEY...
YOU DID IT!
IT'S FREE!

ME, TOO! AND I AIM
TO STAY THAT WAY!



THINK I'LL JUST
KEEP GOIN' SOUTH
FOR A WHILE! MIGHT
EVEN GO AS FAR AS
NEW ORLEANS!

RECKON I'LL KEEP
HEADING NORTH...
GIT ME A JOB IN A
STORE! MEBBE
EVEN OPEN MY
OWN STORE ONE
DAY! NOW
WOULDN'T THAT
BE FINE?



GIMME A PUSH OFF,
JIM! IF I GET IN THE
MAIN STREAM, I CAN
GET ABOARD THAT
STEAMER!

YOU TAKE CARE
NOW! NO TELLIN'
HOW MUCH MISCHIEF
A BODY COULD GET
INTO 'TWEEN HERE
AND NEW ORLEANS!



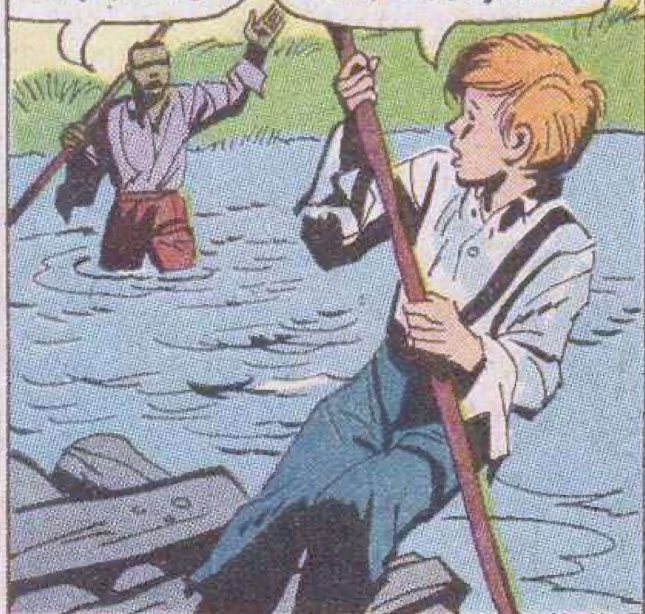
MISS WATSON AIN'T THE
ONLY ONE FRETS 'BOUT
YOU GETTIN' INTO HEAVEN,
HUCK! I DOES, TOO!

I HOPE YOU GET
RICH, JIM! "RICHER 'N
CROESUS HISSELF!"

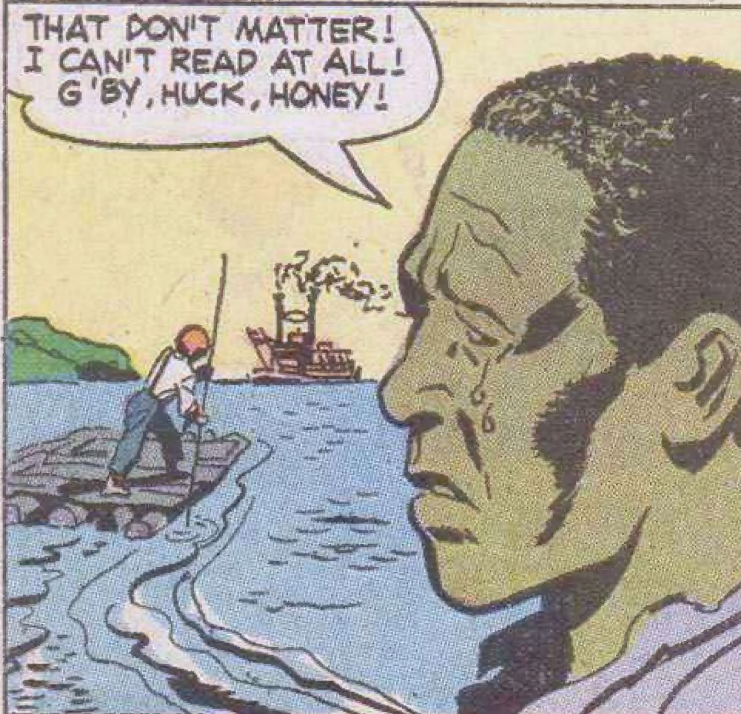


YOU WRITE
ME, HUCK!

I CAN'T WRITE
VERY GOOD, JIM!



THAT DON'T MATTER!
I CAN'T READ AT ALL!
G'BY, HUCK, HONEY!



A PLEDGE



TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.

MARK TWAIN



Samuel L. Clemens was born in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, in a humble cottage. His education was meager, but when 12, he was apprenticed to a printer and emerged an expert typesetter.



For a while, he worked on newspapers, but the call of the Mississippi River was strong, and in 1851, he became a steamboat pilot. He probably selected his pen name at this time, from the call "Mark Twain," which told the pilot of a channel's safe water depth of two fathoms or twelve feet.



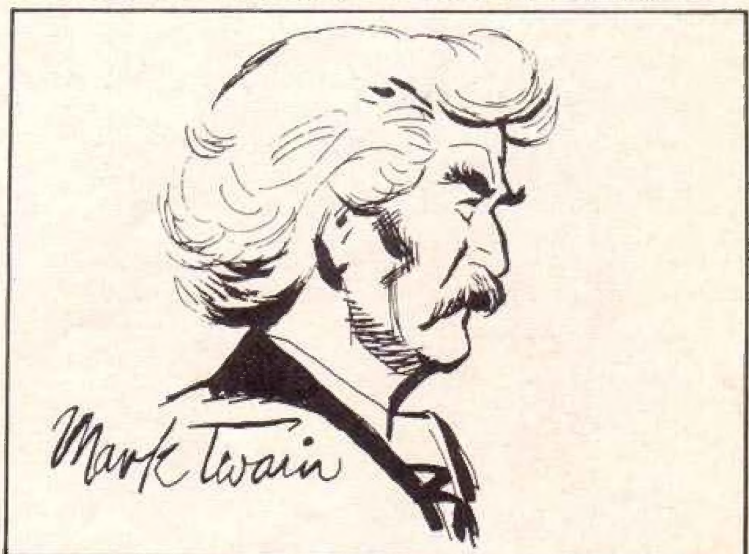
Later, returning to newspaper work, he edited the paper at Virginia City, Nevada, where he first displayed his power as a writer of delightful humor and sarcasm.



Gradually acquiring a reputation as a writer and lecturer, Mark Twain made a triumphant world lecture tour in 1895, which brought him lasting fame and prosperity.



He wrote many books, all of them still read and enjoyed today, all over the world. The *Huckleberry Finn* and *Tom Sawyer* stories tell of his own boyhood escapades—clear, life-like tales of the American boy of that day.



Since Mark Twain's death in 1910, many tributes have been made to him, including parks and statues. The world recognizes that he was more than an entertaining humorist ... he was a great artist of words.

Huck and
Jim meet



Huck Finn



The Raft



Mississippi River

Jackson's Island

Pap



The
Widow
Douglas



King and
Duke



Jim



Captain
of the
"Natchez Queen"

